

It Gets Stranger by lovelyethereal

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, M/M, Multi

Language: English

Characters: Anarchy (OMC), Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Camden (OMC), Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Mike Hanlon/Original Male Character(s), Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderson

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Summary:

Set in 2017 at first, and then 1985.

What happens when, in a parallel universe, a tear in time and space is created and two worlds collide? Things get a bit stranger than usual for the residents of Hawkins, Indiana when seven unknown teenagers are forced into a world unlike any they've ever seen.

[It/Stranger Things Crossover (this is basically my season three of Stranger Things)].

RATED TEEN & UP FOR LANGUAGE AND PROBABLE VIOLENCE

1. THE DISCOVERY

Author's Note:

I'm trying something new, I'm hoping it comes together well. I also hope it isn't confusing, it'll make sense later.

This has not been beta read so sorry for any spelling and/or grammatical errors.

DISCLAIMER: I do not own any characters other than Camden who will come in later and I also do not own the plot. The plot and ST characters belong to the Duffer Brothers and Netflix. IT characters belong to Stephen King.

DERRY, MAINE (2017)

It was bitter outside, the first official chill of autumn beginning to settle over the small town of Derry. Brown, red, and orange leaves that cascaded from the trees scattered across the pavement. Cars pulled into their driveways up and down the streets and people rushed into their homes to get out of the cold as fast as possible. The doors to their vehicles shut and a lock could be heard, then they were inside before anyone had the chance to blink. It was a Friday night and Halloween was just around the corner, just a few days away. Everyone was on edge, everyone but the losers.

They sat in Bills basement, huddled together with blankets wrapped tightly around them. Bill and Stan sat close together on the love seat, sprawled out and basking in the warmth they brought to one another. Eddie sat between Richie and Mike on the love seat and, despite Mike's disgust, shared sweet kisses here and there, grinning from ear to ear. Beverly and Ben sat in the chair directly across from the love seat, Beverly's head resting on Ben's shoulder as another yawn escaped her. At half past ten, she was exhausted.

All of the lights were shut off but the television cast a glow around

the room. Bill clutched the remote as he read through the titles that popped up on Netflix's screen

"*BOB'S BURGERS*." Richie exclaimed, sitting up straight as Eddie regained his balance, leaning on Mike for support. The group of young teens groaned audibly at the suggestion.

"We watch that every time, Richie." Beverly said, a note of exhaustion evident in her voice, slumping back into the cushions of the chair. Richie sighed and nudged his boyfriend to stick up for him but Eddie shook his head not wanting to watch the show either.

"That's because it's a great show, Beverly."

"The p-p-people have spoken, R-Richie." Bill said as he continued to flip past various titles.

"Bunch of losers with no taste for classics!" He exclaimed, earning a look from Bill. His parents and Georgie were asleep just up the steps and he didn't feel like dealing with their wrath at this hour. "Well fine you fucking uneducated wastes of space, choose something. I don't care anymore."

"Cheer up, Richie. It's just a show." Eddie reasoned but Richie wasn't having it. He glanced his boyfriend up and down, disgust written on his face, and turned away for him.

"Shut up, Edward. I can't believe you would say that to me." Richie spat back, crossing his arms over his chest, refusing to look anyone in the eyes.

"*Bob's Burgers* isn't even a classic, Rich. Anything made after 2000 is never considered a classic. Now *FRIENDS*, there's a classic for you." Ben said, a smile on his face. Stan glared at the other teen from across the room.

"No, I refuse. We are not having the 'we were on a break' argument yet again. At a certain point it becomes nauseating and I don't have the strength." He said, turning his attention back to the TV screen, watching Bill scroll through the titles displayed there.

"What about a movie? Look, '*Miss Congeniality*' is on here." Eddie

grinned while glancing around the room and taking in the six glares that were thrown his way. "Harsh."

"There." Bev pointed, squeezing out from her place between Ben and the arm rest. She walked up to the TV, pointing to a title that would be hard to read from a distance if it weren't for the title above written in bold red letters. It looked much like a neon sign and Beverly couldn't help the excitement that overtook her at seeing the title of her favorite show. There, in the crimson red neon lettering, just above "a netflix original", it read '**Stranger Things**'.

"Really Bev?" Richie asked, finally breaking his gaze from staring at the floor to locking eyes with the red head in front of the television.

"Yes. If you guys give it a chance, I just know you'll love it as much as I do."

"What's it even about?" Mike asked, head leaning into the palm of his hand, elbow digging into the arm rest of the sofa.

"It's mostly centered around these four kids, their friend goes missing and the other three take on the responsibility of trying to find him. Oh and there's the girl with telekinetic powers because every great show needs one of those, and—that's all I can tell you. If I go further into detail I'll start ranting." Beverly explained and crossed her arms over her chest. Bill cocked his head to the side and glanced around the room.

"Wh-what do you say, g-guys?" He asked and a simultaneous noise of agreement was heard, which was good enough for the teen. Then, there was Richie who, still sulking against the hardwood, grunted and shrugged.

"If you like mediocre television, be my guest." Bill rolled his eyes and selected the title with the remote and then dropped it to his side, his arm wrapping around Stan's shoulders. Richie continued to groan as the opening sequence showed a man running through the hallways of a building. He looked frantic as his limbs shot out in front of him, sprinting toward the elevator.

The man in the lab coat stood in a panic, glancing around himself

with this distinct paranoia until the elevator finally opened and he climbed inside, feeling just a bit comforted, at least that's what his face portrayed. His face contorts back to it's frightened state as he looks above him and, seconds later, is yanked upward while screaming.

The next scene showed a house and then cut to four boys in the basement of said house, playing a game of some sort.

"Something's coming, something hungry for blood. IT is almost here."

Richie glared as he turned to Eddie who had his eyes wide open, obviously enthralled by the show. He just didn't understand the fuss.

Around three in the morning they had gotten through five episodes and that was when the yawning became more frequent. "Why d-don't we call it a n-night?" Bill asked from his spot on the loveseat, thankful he had made himself comfortable about an hour before Stan decided to use him as a body pillow, not that he was complaining. Stan shifted slightly amidst the quiet conversation and buried his face deeper into Bill's shirt.

The few young teens that remained awake (Richie, Mike, and Ben) made happy noises of agreement and settled into their sleeping bags or couch cushions, ready to greet sleep with open arms.

Bill, Mike, and Ben seemed to find sleep rather easily compared to Richie who lay wide awake in his sleeping bag between Mike and Eddie. Admitting defeat for the time being, he unzipped the bag and crawled out, standing and making his way into the kitchen. He stumbled around in the dark, trying his best to dodge any chairs and found the cabinet that stored the cups, pulling one from the bunch. As soon as the water filled his cup, he took a large gulp and set the cup down on the counter. He let his mind wander back to Stranger Things.

"Pfft," He scoffed internally. *Who could even like a show like that? Fucking Ringwald.* Richie complained, polishing off the remaining water in his glass and setting it inside the sink. *If it were me, I would handle the situation so much better. Fucking idiots.* He makes his way back to the living room and crawls back into the nylon fabric of his

sleeping bag, closing his eyes to welcome his slumber.

2. ROOM 100

Summary for the Chapter:

An escapee from Hawkins Lab finds himself at a motel just a few miles away from Hawkins and is met with an opportunity he doesn't want to miss.

Notes for the Chapter:

This has not been beta read.

HAWKINS, INDIANA (1984)

The breaths coming from between his blue lips were cloud-like, signifying the harsh and cold end of October. Located just outside of the town he was running from, a seemingly abandoned motel presented itself to the boy who had nothing to offer but his gratitude. The motel attendant seemed to stare off into an abyss of nothing as the boy asked for a room key. He accepted the key offered to him graciously. The walk toward his room seemed to last forever, most likely because the check-in wasn't connected to the actual motel. When he finally reached the room marked *100*, he sucked in a rather sharp breath and fumbled to find the key after dropping it onto the ground.

Kneeling onto the harsh concrete, the boy searched the floor with only the shine from the moon to guide him. A glint of light shone down on the silver just a few feet in front of him. He reached out and grasped it, lifting it up into the keyhole in the doorknob, twisting a few times. When opened, he noticed the room was concealed in darkness, a sliver of light coming from the crack left between the curtains, casting itself on the wall. The boy rose to his feet and grabbed at the space around him for the wall and felt the light switch slip between his thin fingers. His hand slid upwards quickly and within seconds the room was illuminated in a dim yellow light that made the boy feel nauseated. Closing his eyes, he stepped into the room and shut the door behind him with a thunderous slam.

He shuttered from the chill that was now trapped in his lungs and in

the cramped room, decorated with only a twin-sized bed in one corner of the room and a small chair located across from it. The pastel yellow walls were littered in fingerprints with something, that he hoped was water, sloshed all across the bottom of the walls, seeped into the tacky orange carpet leaving dark and ugly stains there.. A deep sigh escaped him as he moved toward the small twin bed, dropping all of his weight down onto it. He felt an overpowering urge to scream but chose to push it to the furthest part of his mind. All of the anger and hatred he kept bottled up over the last five years was slowly brimming to the surface, ready to erupt.

He felt the sleeve covering his right arm sliding up, revealing the 3 printed on his inner arm. The memory of receiving the damned number was still fresh in his mind. The feeling of the needle as it pierced his skin, the way he fought against it until one of the men in attendance had forcibly held him to the chair, pinning his arm down. *"I can't do this if he continues struggling, sir,"* The tattooer had warned, shooting Dr. Brenner a harsh glance.

"Restrain him," Brenner ordered and that was when one of his henchmen wrapped an arm around his chest, forcing his back into the frigid metal of the chair. The boy could still feel the wetness that cascaded down his cheeks when the pain became too much, reaching up to try and wipe the feeling away from beneath his eyes. He flinched when the tips of his fingers were met with liquid. He learned at a young age that many things could be washed away, but not a feeling left over by a memory.

He suddenly felt that urge to scream surface again, briefly attempting to reduce his frustration level. He rose his arms above his head, stretching them out until he heard the satisfying crack of his bones releasing the air trapped in his joints. Once his hands came back down to their normal position in his lap, he noticed that sleeves of his sweater had ridden up far enough to where he could read the number clearly.

013

The boy felt tears burning in his eyes, jaw clenched. "That's not me." He swore to himself from between clenched teeth. "A number can't define me. A number can't define me." He chanted in a whisper,

shaking his head back and forth with his eyes closed tight. The boy rose to his feet, fists balled at his sides.

His eyes remained fastened together, memories from being in that place flashing behind his eyes like some shitty movie. They seemed distant, yet clear enough to make out the smallest cracks in the walls of his room. The twin bed that he had outgrown in two years that sat in the middle of the room, nothing but a lonely pillow and a thin sheet covering the uncomfortable mattress.

He recalled the way it made his back ache, forcing him awake every night. He remembered the first night he felt okay, like a normal person, like he wasn't a freak being poked and prodded for hours on end every day. That was the first day in four years that he was left alone in his room. He didn't question it and sat in solitude, alone with his thoughts. He remembered wondering, 'why today, what's so special about today?'. He got an answer but not the one he had hoped, because that was the day the lab stood still.

The boy dropped to his knees, his once balled up hands coming to cover his face even though they shook with anger and fear. The images of everything that had happened still played over and over again in his mind, now in random order, throwing new pieces into the puzzle of his scrambled recollection of the events.

He recalled the girl that caused the downward spiral of the lab, a girl he had only spoken to once or twice outside of his solitary confinement. He guessed she didn't have a name, unlike him, but could be identified by the number on her own wrist. Everyone called her Eleven.

He knew that she had opened a rift in time, which essentially caused everything to go to shit, and all he wanted to know was how she did it. He had tried most things but nothing seemed to work. Although there was one idea he had yet to try, he postponed it this long only because he had heard the aftermath of such a move could be catastrophic. *Now, he decides, it's time to test their hypothesis.*

He moves his legs out from beneath him and folds them together so he's sitting cross-legged. Wiping his face, he closes his eyes and focuses all of this energy on the wall in front of him. The ground

below begins to rumble, the windows and doors all up and down the floor he was on shake vehemently until the windows shatter, glass spilling inside and out of his room. The winds outside begin to howl, whipping the trees around and against the side of the cement like the winds often did before a hurricane. It wasn't long before he felt the gust enter the room, raking through the brown tufts of hair on head countless times before he finally began to feel something split.

It felt much like a weight being lifted, leaving him feeling completely and utterly weightless. An airy laugh escapes him as the splitting continues down to the core, he feels as if he can see it. Pieces of brick crumble to the ground as the crack forces it's way up into the ceiling, the shattered pieces falling away like dust. It's then when everything feels good and he feels like he's on a high that the image in his mind becomes clearer and brighter until it's just white. Then, almost as soon as it appears, the white blur of light disappears into blackness, disintegrating. He lands in his back with a thud and groans, coughing while rolling onto his side. He cracks an eye open and is taken back when nothing lies before him, no rip in time and space, only glass shards that have sliced open the skin on his right cheek.

The confusion swirling in his mind is soon replaced by a whirlwind of questions, the main one on his mind being *where the hell is it if not here?*

Notes for the Chapter:

Feedback is very much appreciated, let me know what you thought of the chapter!!

3. INGRESS

Notes for the Chapter:

this chapter might be a bit confusing at the end but it will all be explained soon

ingress ('in,gres): the act or right of entering

DERRY, MAINE (2017)

The first person to wake the next morning was Bill, though he couldn't move due to the body trapping him on the sofa. He always woke up earlier than the others whenever they stayed over. Usually, he would devote the time he spent waiting for everyone else to wake up by helping his mother prepare breakfast, but today felt different. The house around them was quieter than normal, the only sounds to be heard were the shallow breaths leaving their rising and falling chests and the wind howling outside.

Bill struggled to slip out from beneath Stan who still slept in the same position as the night before, face pressed into his neck, arms spilling over the back and edge of the couch. When he was free from the grasp of the other teen, he stepped carefully over Mike and tiptoed his way into the kitchen. He noticed a folded paper bound the fridge labeled 'Bill'. The boy removed the magnet holding the paper in place, unfolding it and reading the contents.

'Ran to the store with Georgie to grab some food for breakfast. Be back soon! xo '

He sucked in a breath and turned his attention to the doorway to the kitchen, jumping when he spotted Mike. The older boy yawned with a hand clasped over his mouth and that was something Bill had always admired about him; his complete lack of disrespect was envious. "Why are you up s-so early?" Bill asked his friend, who took a seat at the table just before laying his head down on the surface.

"Early riser, you should know that by now." He chuckled and Bill nodded in remembrance of the many times Mike had woken up

before him. "Are you okay?" Bill shrugged at the question, leaning back against the counter and crossing his arms.

"I just—something feels d-different today. I c-can't put my finger on it." He said with quick scan of the room as if any of the objects splayed out over the counters could point him in the direction of what was making him feel uneasy. Mike nodded as he tried to understand exactly what Bill was referring to, his thoughts interrupted by the sound of footsteps traveling from the living room and into the kitchen. "Hey Ben."

The slightly heavier-set teen smiled at the two boys conversing in the kitchen and took a seat next to Mike at the table. Ben had lost a significant amount of weight since they were 12 but still carried a bit of that weight with him. Ask any of his friends, though, and they would tell you he looked fantastic. "You're up earlier than usual." Mike observed with curiosity as he lifted his head off of the table top. Ben dropped his shoulders as he sat next to Mike, huffing.

"Couldn't sleep, I guess." The teen rested his chin in the palm of his right hand, elbow propped up on the wooden, cherry stained surface. He wore a frown that Bill was about to address when rustling from the living room became groans of fatigue. Soon, Beverly, Stan, and Eddie made their way into the kitchen as well leaving Richie alone.

"Why the hell are you guys up so early?" Stan groaned whilst using the heels of his hands to attempt to rub the sleep from his eyes. Bev crossed the room to occupy the chair next to Ben, Eddie across from him and next to Mike. Bill noticed the small smile that took shape on Ben's face, a smile of his own forming as he looked down at his feet.

"We could l-literally ask you the same q-que-question." Bill laughed, crossing his arms over his chest. Stan, regardless of his hatred of mornings and everything that they brought, turned to Bill and the corners of his mouth lifted and his face seemed to brighten. If you asked him he would cast blame on the sun that peeked through the curtains in the window.

"Where's everyone else?" Eddie yawned, sinking into his chair, letting his eyes flutter closed for a few seconds, jumping when Beverly swatted his shoulder with the back of her hand. Stan snickered from

where he leaned against the refrigerator.

"My mom and Georgie are a-at the store and my dad's probably upstairs s-sleeping." Bill said, walking toward the fridge, pulling the door open to retrieve the carton of orange juice sitting inside the inner door. He walked toward the cabinets and grabbed the cups down for everyone in the kitchen, pouring semi-equal amounts into each cup. When the others noticed what he had done they made their way over to the counter and each grabbed a cup, bringing it back to their spots and plopping back into their chairs or standing silently.

Ten minutes flew by quite fast and there was still no sign of Mrs. Denbrough and Georgie coming back anytime soon, leaving the six teens to chat while they waited. In the living room, Richie began to stir in his sleeping bag. The curly haired juvenile's eyes fluttered open, welcome by blurry surroundings and bright beams of light bouncing off of the television screen. Sitting up, he blinked a few times to get the extra blur out of his vision and reached a hand out in front of him, finding his glasses on the floor by his feet. He unfolded his specs and slid them into his face, groaning when he noticed the time read **8:26 AM** on the clock to his right.

Slipping out from the warmth of the bag he had slept in, he began to make his way toward the kitchen doorway when he heard a soft thud echo from the cellar. What Richie lacked in sight he made up for with his other senses. The mop of curls turned to the door that led to the cellar. He noticed the others were in the kitchen as well, heads turned to the cellar door as well. They shared confused looks with one another as Bill stood straight after pushing himself away from the counter. Richie stood in the doorway behind Stan, walking past the other minor and standing in the middle of the kitchen.

"Are you sure you want to go toward the noise, Billy Boy?" Richie asked, his voice dripping with distrust. Not of Bill, but whatever lurked behind the door. Bill turned his attention toward his friends and the curiosity he concealed was burning in those piercing irises, luring the teens immediately surrounding him toward him to follow. Bev and Mike stepped closer much like Bill did, getting closer to the door, invading its proximity. The four left to follow watched with warning eyes as the door knob twisted in Bill's clenched fist.

The door creaked as it was being pulled open torturously slow, the anticipation growing fierce within the seven teens standing in the kitchen. Eddie crept closer to the others by the door, still desperately trying to peer over the shoulders of those in front of him. At 5'5", he remained the shortest of the rest of his friends. He felt his surroundings grow smaller around him at the anxious feeling building in his chest. As the cellar door opened fully and Bill began descend the stairs and travel down into the depths of his basement, he felt himself reaching for his inhaler, quickly realizing that he was in pajama pants and that his inhaler was located in his bag in the living room. He shoots a nervous look in Richie's direction, swallowing the lump that formed in his throat.

Now, the losers typically stayed away from the cellar since there was absolutely nothing down there for them anyway, but what Eddie saw when he stepped through the doorway was different from the Denbrough's cellar. His eyes narrowed at the bewilderment he felt. "What the hell?" Bill called out. Where Eddie now stood was anywhere but Bill's basement, it lacked stairs and light seemed to pour in through wooden slats on the walls. Where was it coming from?

Ben stood the closest to the doorway and leaned as close as gravity would allow him without causing him to fall. "What? What's going on?" He asked, taking a half step closer before Bill appeared in the doorway looking lost.

"Y-you guys need to come here. N-now." Ben turned his head and shared glances with Stan and Richie who seemed skeptical of following the blue eyed boy into the cellar. As far as they knew, nothing had changed beyond that doorway. They each took hesitant steps toward the wooden entry and were taken back at the sight before them.

"What the-?" Richie remarked, twisting and turning to examine his surroundings. There was a hunting rifle resting against the wooden leg of what looked like somebody's art project, a shabby looking table. Various random cloths were strewn about across the dirt floor of the structure and there were bullets scattered in the dirt, around a wooden post in the middle. "Where the hell are we?"

"My q-qu-question exactly." Bill stuttered and the slam of the door echoed around them. Bill rushed over the the source of the noise and was met with a wooden slat and light shining through it. Outside the scenery was dead and yellow with trees blanketing whatever wasn't yellow. They turned their heads toward the actual door to wherever they were when the sound of a screen door slamming caught their attention.

A mere ten seconds later, the wood door was being pulled open, a woman in her late thirties or early forties stood in the doorway. She had dark brown hair, kind brown eyes, and very prominent cheekbones. A quick, startling scream ripped through her stout body, causing the teens to jump as she quickly through the door shut once again. The teens shared a frightened look with one another before Richie spoke again.

"Fellas, I don't think we're in Derry anymore."

4. OUTLANDER

HAWKINS, INDIANA (1985)

Joyce Byers looked back at the shed door frantically as she made her way toward the steps that led up to the screen door to her home, prying it open quickly. The door slammed shut behind her, wondering eyes peeking through the blinds, maintaining a constant focus on the door that led inside the shed. Knowing that there were a number of strangers just behind that door sent her into a panic. Seeing as she had never seen them before, she began to grow confused and frustrated. One of the boys among the group looked very familiar to Joyce but the lack of placement caused her discontentment to grow.

Joyce spun swiftly and headed toward the landline mounted to the wall, turning the dial numerous times to dial the only number that seemed reasonable in this situation. "Come on." Joyce sighed into the phone, peeking around the corner to glance back into her yard.

"Hawkins Police Station, how may I help you?" Flo responded on the other end of the line, her tone as short and stern as Joyce remembered. Joyce contemplated what she should say to the woman waiting patiently on the opposite end of the call. "Hello?" Joyce's mind stuttered, her thoughts running together when Flo's tone suddenly grew demanding. She pried her lips apart to speak just as she noticed the shed door creeping open. Her mind began to run wild with erratic thoughts, frantically slamming the phone back into the holder on the wall.

She made her way back toward the door, stopping in the kitchen on her journey, scanning her surroundings and spotting a frying pan on the counter out of her peripheral vision. While choosing a frying pan as a weapon seemed a bit derivative, Joyce's arsenal was narrowed down to cooking utensils and trophies. It was her best option since a knife insinuated murder.

Shoving the screen door open, she noticed a tall teen peeking his head out as if to observe his surroundings, eyes growing wide at the sight of Joyce marching toward the wooden building, backing up into the safety of the structure and soft murmurs of worry ensued. The door flew open once again and the only thing the seven teens could see was that Joyce was blocking their escape. She pointed the pan accusingly at the teen closest to her. His straight brown hair covered a small portion of his face but even hiding behind his locks, she could sense the fear her presence brought him.

"Who the hell are you and what are you doing in my shed?" She asked and her panicked state gave her away, voice wavering slightly. Menacing wasn't exactly her forte, but that didn't mean she couldn't try. Glancing them up and down, their clothes were different from anything that she had ever seen. She briefly considered that maybe this was what the wealthier kids dressed like.

Fourteen eyes stared at her, seemingly frozen as they seemed to glaze over from their shock. "Well?" She asked, lowering her weapon and noticed the boy standing before her swallow hard before speaking.

"I'm B-Bill, um, w-we don't kn-kn-know how we got h-here." Bill sputtered, finding the strength within him to look her directly in the eyes. Joyce's eyes narrowed before shaking her head in disbelief, scoffing.

"Bullshit." Her voice was stiff with disbelief at Bill's explanation. Bill shrank back slightly as she brought the pan back up so it was right in his line of sight. "Are you from the town over? Come to see the boy who came back to life?" Ben raises his eyebrows at the question because holy shit, they must have stumbled into some magical land where miracles actually exist. Miracles like bringing people back to life. His eyes shift toward Beverly. She had her eyes narrowed in concentration, observing the woman's face carefully.

"I'm sorry, what?" Eddie asked, failing to keep his composure as his voice gave way. If there are people out there coming back from the dead he feels that it is necessary that they are informed. He doesn't get an answer. Joyce lowers the pan once again, her face dropping noticeably. Her arms fall limp at her sides and her eyes seem to soften as well, depressing the rest of her features.

"Nothing. Just get the hell out of here before I call the cops." She turns sharp on her heel and heads back toward her house, nearly making it to the door when the teens finally manage to make it out and stop just outside the door as it shuts.

"Wait! Just—" Joyce turns her head toward the small band of teenagers, one hand on the doorknob and the other laying flat against the side of her jean-clad left leg. "Can you tell us where we are?" Mike asked, staring at her with hopeful eyes. Joyce narrowed her eyes at the group and wondered if it was possible.

Time travel?

If it were possible, it would make their clothes easier to explain. "Hawkins, Indiana." She spoke slowly, her hand slowly dropping from the door handle.

"Man, 2017 sure looks like shit in Indiana." Richie blabbed, shouldering past Bill and Beverly, taking in the scenery around them through his coke-bottle lenses and shuddering noticeably. When he caught the look on Joyce's face he grew confused. "What?"

"2017?" She paused, confused. "Like the year?" Richie squinted in her direction in disbelief because she couldn't be serious, could she? He turned to Eddie, asking for some sort of answer.

"Um, yeah?" Joyce fell back against the door numbly, her thoughts

racing at a mile a minute. The more these kids spoke, the more she was convinced that these kids were either high, stupid, or from the future. "That's the year."

"This year?" The teens before her nodded, glancing back at each other, faces accompanied by abashed expressions. Mike stepped forward and offered an apology.

"We understand how confusing this must be for you. We're just looking for some information. Can you please help us out?" Joyce doesn't answer, only continues to stare at the seven teens before her in wonder. "You said we're in Hawkins, Indiana, yeah? What- Uh, what year is it?" Mike feels absurd asking the question but also that it's necessary.

"1985."

5. ABSTRUSE

HAWKINS, INDIANA (1985)

Mike slowly filled Joyce in on what had happened and how they had shown up like they did, despite his own confusion. All of the information clicked in her mind after hearing their side of the story a few times though her head was spinning. She seemed to grasp the situation after a minute of contemplation and sent the group away in order for her to make a phone call. The teens found themselves in the middle of a dirt and gravel coated backroad that led to the Byers's home.

It was obvious that Bill was panicking but he tried his best to make it seem as if he was calm and collected. Next to him Eddie had his inhaler secured between his lips, his hand clutched tightly around it like a vice. Richie was cracking witty jokes and trying to console Eddie with bad impressions. Ben and Mike stood three feet behind Bill, watching the house with calm and collected demeanors. Stan stood next to Beverly, sharp jagged breaths leaving his lips. He would occasionally reach up to wipe at the tears leaving tracks on his cheeks. Beverly stood content, clearly not taking in the events happening around her.

Tires rolling over gravel and dirt brought the kids' attention back to the situation at hand. With a swift turn of his head, Stan caught sight of the truck that seemed to barrel up the road that they were standing in the middle of. As soon as the others noticed the truck, they were fairly quick to scurry out of the way. The truck was dirt brown with a thick strip of tan passing across the middle of the doors and all around the rest of the truck. In the tan were three words printed in big black letters:

HAWKINS POLICE DEPT.

"Shit," Came the first word spoken from the silence that had encapsulated the teens from Derry. The truck moved slightly as the driver slid out from the seat, the top of their hat peeking over the top of the truck. In the brown paint on the truck, just below the windshield was the word 'CHIEF'. The kids watched in silence as the

driver, dressed in brown with a black coat covering his torso, ascended the steps to the Byers's home. Bill assumed this man was the police chief.

The man, Jim Hopper, twisted the doorknob and pushed the door open. Joyce met him in the doorway and they exchanged looks and Bill vaguely noticed their lips moving. Hopper turned toward the small group and removed the sunglasses shielding his eyes from the harsh rays of the sun. Joyce continued to speak though his attention had shifted and then left the doorway. Hopper walked slowly and then waved a hand toward himself, motioning for them to come closer.

"Come on in." He said gruffly, walking inside himself. The teens shared a look before deciding to follow them into the house. They met in the living room, Bill, Stan, and Eddie sitting on the couch cushions, Richie standing at Eddie's side. Bev sat on the arm rest next to Bill, Mike next to her. The Chief stood in front of them, arms crossed over his chest. He shut his eyes briefly, trying to remember what Joyce had told him over the phone.

"Alright, let me get this straight," He began, pinching the bridge of his nose with his index finger and thumb. "You opened a door in your house and you walked into the Byers's shed like some parallel universe shit? How do you expect me to believe that?"

"We don't expect y-you to believe us. Just h-hoping you would f-find it in yourself to t-trust us." Bill said, locking eyes with Hopper for a second but it was long enough to recognize the distrust lying beneath the surface. "We think th-there's more to the sit-situation than we kn-kn-know."

"Kid, I swear—" Hopper started to say when Joyce pulled him to the side.

"I think these kids are telling the truth, Hop." She said while looking to him for some support. All she got in return was an empty stare.

"Joyce, you can't be serious."

"Think about it got a second, would you? After all of the shit we've

been through in the last two years, you can't possibly tell me that *this* sounds crazy." The look in her eyes was far beyond sanity but Hopper decided to let it slide. It was nothing if not normal by then. "There is a universe out there that spits out monsters left and right, why is it so unbelievable that these kids came from some other world and another year?" Joyce rationalized and Hopper found himself leaning against the counter top, eyes closed as he reached for his coat pocket, retrieving a pack of cigarettes. He flipped the top of the pack back and pulled a cigarette and his lighter out from the box.

He placed the cylinder between his lips and held it to the flame erupting from his lighter, inhaling deeply when he successfully lit the nicotine stick. "I thought we were done with this shit." Joyce remained silent for a moment, moving to stand next to Hopper. He wrapped an arm around her shoulders and passed the butt to her. She took a drag, face contorting before coughing mildly and handing the cigarette back to her closest friend and confidant.

"Part of me thinks we'll never be done. We should've left when we had the chance." Joyce whispered the last part to herself but had no doubts that Hopper had heard it too.

"So what do we do about them?" He asked, gesturing to the doorway to the living room where the seven teenagers still remained.

"As much as I hate to say it, we know someone with experience in this kind of thing." Joyce offered with a hopeful gaze. Hopper glanced down at her with disbelief.

"Joyce, no. I promised her a normal life. We can't drag her into this again."

"I'm not saying she has to do anything, just see if she knows of anybody that has the power to do anything like this. She was able to do it once, there's gotta be someone else, stronger, with the ability to do this." Hopper's gaze shifted toward the ceiling like he was looking for some answers, as if God was going to manifest before him with the right ones yet he didn't have any clue as to why he still looked to some higher power for help. If nobody offered to help when the stakes were much higher, they sure as hell wouldn't now.

He sighed and brought his stare down to lock eyes with Joyce, his mind made up. She waited patiently for his gruffly spoken reply.

"We better get going, school's out in ten."

6. AWOL

Summary for the Chapter:

Sharon Denbrough discovers that her son, Bill, is missing.

DERRY, MAINE (2017)

Jagged, broken pants leave Sharon Denbrough's lips, hands shaking while she runs them through her auburn hair. Thirteen minutes ago she would have been more concerned with getting the milk into fridge before it started to go bad, but a sudden turn of events had flipped her priorities. Just minutes after she walked into the house and didn't hear the familiar chatter of her teenage son and his friends, she could sense that something was out of place. *Missing*.

She had searched the house three times over and came out with no sign of her eldest son. The urge to break down grows intense but Sharon knows she has to stay calm and collected for the child that still remained within earshot. She takes a deep breath and pushes her hair out of her face, leaving the kitchen and walking up the stairs to find her husband. The familiar sound of the toilet flushing from behind a closed door caught her attention and she was able to catch her husband as he was walking out of the lavatory.

"I can't find Bill." She says, trying to keep her voice as quiet as possible so as to not worry Georgie. At nine years old, she knows that he is too smart for his own good and doesn't want to worry him until she is one hundred percent sure that there is something to worry about. Zack Denbrough seems unfazed by the information shared with him and walks past Sharon, dismissing her. "Zack, I know you heard me." He begins to descend the staircase, stopping momentarily to look back at his wife with nothing but a dead stare.

"I'm sure he's fine. Probably went to a friend's house. Nothing to get worked up over." Zack continues to walk down the stairs, mumbling a greeting to Georgie who shrieked in excitement at the sight of his father. Sometimes Sharon wondered what heroism their son saw in him. All she could see was the shell of the man that she married.

She does her best to remain calm for the next hour, though she stays in her bedroom, pacing wildly across the carpeted floors. Thunder cracks in the distance and Sharon finally takes a break from her pacing and sits on the edge of the king-sized bed in her bedroom, chewing her finger nails. It is a habit that she tries desperately to quit but whenever her nerves are seriously racked, it is her go-to stress release. That's what she told herself anyway, though it never worked.

She looks around the room and decides that she has to do something, anything. If Bill is in trouble or missing, it would be her that found him. With or without her husband's help. Still clad in her coat and shoes from the store, she heads out of her room and down the stairs to the kitchen, ignoring Zack's attempts at conversation and grabbing her purse. Sharon passes Georgie in the living room who's busy playing with his legos and bids a farewell to him. He asks where she's going and all she can do is lie, she won't worry the boy. As soon as she's at the car door she hears the sound of the front door shut and looks over her shoulder to find Zack trudging down the porch steps and meeting her at her car.

"Where the hell are you going, Sharon?" He asks on the trip toward her slightly worn down 2008 Chrysler. She looks at him exasperatedly, scoffing lightly and bending down to set her purse on her seat after opening the car door.

"Your lack of empathy shocks me, Zack, it really does." She pauses, tucking her hair behind her ear and hugging coat tighter around her torso. "I'm going to find our son."

7. RUNAWAY

Notes for the Chapter:

Okay so this is a super, super short chapter, wrote it in a little less than an hour, but I needed a filler while I figure some details out. We get a little more of 013 though, so that's pretty cool I think.

Hawkins, Indiana (1985)

The sound of feet hitting the pavement of the stairs to the motel sent the boy into a panic, gaze flitting frantically around the room for his escape plan. The window. The steps were growing ever closer to the door, just about twenty feet from his door. He shot up onto his feet, hair hanging in front of his eyes. That was when the pounding began on his door. He knew they were shouting for him to open the door but he ignored them, walking toward the window. Glass shards still stuck out in every direction inside the wood of the window.

The boy uses the sleeve of his sweater to cover his hand as he balled it into a fist, knocking the leftover shards out the way so as to not cut himself on the way out the window. He heard the jingling of keys outside of the door and whipped his head around to look at the door, noticing it began to swing open just as he began to step over the space separating his room from his freedom. He was almost out of the window when he felt someone grab him by his forearm, pulling him back.

"Get back'ere, boy!" They shouted and the boy looked down, it was at least twenty feet to the bottom and if he fell he could have broken something but that sounded a smidge better than the other option which was probably heading down to the police station. He pushed away from the man who had his arm, pulling his arm away with every ounce of strength he could manage. His arm slipped free and then he was being propelled away from the building before he could comprehend the situation. He landed with his back against the wet grass, fresh from the sprinkler system of the business next door and groaned.

He tried pushing himself up but his left arm gave way under him and the shouting continued. They're coming, he thought, I have to run. With his

right arm, he forces his body away from the grass, pushing up until he could bend his legs. He was standing with no discernible breaks in his body and he began running.

Looking back over his shoulder he could see the blinding brightness of flashlights pointing in all directions. "You can't run forever boy! We'll get ya!" He picked up speed, running as fast as he possibly could trying his hardest not to trip over his feet. He began panting heavily when he saw the thicket of trees, beside it was a sign that read " **Welcome to Hawkins** ". The place he was desperately trying to run from but the one place that may, ironically, offer him sanctuary. He disappears into the trees, hoping to stay hidden until morning.

He ran for what felt like an eternity, finally coming to a stop against the bark of a large tree, his heart racing and breathing uncontrollably. He looked over his shoulder, not seeing any sign of light coming in his direction. He sighed in relief and glanced down at his feet. In the pale moonlight, he could see that his sweater is torn and sticking to his skin. Upon inching it up his arm, his is caught off guard by the wincing pain from the cool air hitting his arm. His forearm is streaked in an uneven dark liquid and there is a very noticeable gash about three inches long going down his arm. He rolls his sleeve back down carefully, leaning his head back against the tree.